

Target on his chest by Venus (AthenaParthenos)

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: AU, AU - Superpowers, Adopted Richie Tozier, Angst, Beverly Marsh Knows Everything, Beverly Marsh is a Good Friend, Eddie Kaspbrak Loves Richie Tozier, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Good Parent Maggie Tozier, Hurt Richie Tozier, Hurt/Comfort, Inspired by Stranger Things (TV 2016), M/M, POV, POV Multiple, Richie Tozier Has Powers, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier is ten, Soft Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris is So Done, Stranger Things Spoilers, Superpowers, Teenagers, Telekinesis, hidden superpowers

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Betty Ripsom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Dylan Delany, Eddie Kaspbrak, Elizabeth Delany, Georgie Denbrough, Greta Bowie | Greta Keene, Henry Bowers, Livia Delany, Maggie Tozier, Martin Brenner, Mike Hanlon, Patrick Hockstetter, Reginald "Belch" Huggins, Richie Tozier, Victor Criss

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Mike Hanlon/Elizabeth Delany, Mike Hanlon/Original Character(s), Mike Hanlon/Original Female Character(s)

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2021-02-25

Updated: 2021-03-23

Packaged: 2022-04-01 02:10:08

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,996

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Maggie Tozier loved life ... and fell in love with it even more when a curly-haired, stubborn chaos called Richie burst into her life. The only "but" was the 010 tattoo on the boy's wrist, or rather, that this tattoo meant...

OR

In which Richie Tozier is number ten.
Stranger things AU

1. 1. Maggie Tozier

What's your name? The woman with jet black hair looked at me. She had long eyelashes and gray eyes. Not blue eyes like his. This calmed me down a little. Everything is better than him. Than those cold blue eyes, than this voice, than his white hair. Everything is better than papa. The woman looked at me and asked again: -What is your name? - Name ... she asked for a name. On this question, he always told me to show my wrist. I reached out my hand and she looked at my wrist. - Ten ... what does that mean? - She looked at me. I mean, what does this mean? This is my name. I pointed to myself. - Me is ten. My name ten. You?' - She came to her senses and smiled. - I'm Maggie.

Megan Tozier was a very unusual woman in Derry. Everyone knew about her, but very few people dared to start a conversation or even friendship. Maggie Tozier was a 27 years old woman. She had perfect shoulder-length black hair, an even nose, and her skin was covered with moles and freckles. Thick eyebrows, which, if grown a little, will turn into a monobrow and she had bitten lips with small wounds on them. Maggie used to have a husband: Wentworth Tozier. But she divorced him as soon as he hit her first. He tried to use her, but he didn't know who Maggie was then! Megan is a strong woman and as soon as he began to act like a man she did not know, she said that she was getting a divorce, without giving Wentworth a chance to inflict severe damage on her, without giving him even a small chance to manipulate her. After that, Wentworth went to somewhere in Colorado, perhaps to Denver to his family or somewhere in Salt Lake City to his brother. She didn't care, only if he didn't show up again. She certainly missed him, but she missed the in love Wentworth, in his youth. That Wentworth was dead as soon as he put his hands on alcohol. But even with all that alcohol drama, Maggie was a drinker. Especially pink champagne, which was sold only in April in special stores. No, she did not like to get drunk or get a Hangover, but she did not refuse good French wine. She had a healthy attitude towards alcohol and cigarettes, although she did not smoke. She was very charismatic and beautiful. Stubborn to the bone, but strong and mature. She loved walking in the woods in the fall, she loved Fridays, and she loved counting the stars and eating fries. She liked the

mornings at the café with the croissant. She enjoyed her job as a nurse. She loved freshly brewed coffee. She loved the smell of "Fudge Town" cookies and libraries. She loved to walk in the flower fields. She liked Fridays at the bar when she liked to sit and listen to gossip or how young people broke up their short relationships. She loved going out with friends. She loved tango. She loved to shop. She loved ice cream with caramel.

She loved life ... and fell in love with it even more when a curly, bespectacled and stubborn chaos called Richie entered her life. It was morning, the sun had not yet risen and the stars were still shining with night light. She was on her autumn walk in the forest, when suddenly a silhouette of a man appeared from nowhere. A child. At first she went to the child and saw that he was in a terrible state, only then she spoke. The child said that his name was ten, he did not answer other questions. Just like a broken vinyl, he said: I am ten, I am ten. How old are you? Doesn't know, silent. Where from? He just shakes his head. Weird guy in general. Maggie decided to bring him to her house and only then, under the living room lamp, she saw the boy in full growth. To say that she was scared is to say nothing. Chipped knees, bruises under the eyes, scars from burns and electric shocks, bruises and wounds all over the body and scars from ... she didn't know what. It seemed that someone was tearing the boy's skin from the inside and then letting him heal and turn into a scar. On his head was a bunch of curls that did not know the comb and his eyes were tired and drooping. But the worst thing was his weight. She could count off his ribs, under a hospital gown, and see ogres and bones. Each vein was not "buried" in the skin but protruded like a splinter. Thin cheekbones and a thin neck only made Megan angrier. It was evident that he was not well treated and was beaten. The boy was not very grown-up, about nine years old, no more. – Oh boy! You sit on the sofa, I'll bring you food now. - Maggie said, pointing to the sofa. The boy sat down, biting his lip. Then Maggie came to him with a large mug of chicken broth. She gave the boy a mug and he began to drink greedily, while his Adam's apple kept going up and down. While he was drinking, Maggie went to the plastic bedside table and took out a red first-aid kit with Soleimo adhesive plasters. She waited until the curly-haired put the mug on the table and she then began to heal the wounds. The boy hissed, but did nothing and endured the pain by grinding his teeth.

When everything was ready Maggie told him to change into her

warm, children's pajamas. He looked very cute in her and wrinkled his nose. - Now, try to explain what happened? Where are you from?' - The boy was sitting on the couch and began to speak in unrelated words. - Walked. Far away ... ' - Did you go a lot?' Maggie asked and he nodded his head. - How much?' - I don't know.' - Maggie thought and then she said, "How many times was it dark?" - Maybe she will find out where he came from by the days? - Always, it was always dark.' - So he walked all night. With his age a maximum of 20 kilometers, which means he could only walk from somewhere in Belfast. He hardly came from Bangor ... that means from Belfast, if of course not from the city at all. Where did you come from? - to this question, he suddenly cringed and turned pale and then looked at the woman. - You ran away, huh? Where did you run away from? ' - he became even paler. - Bad place. Bad ... very bad. ' "Can you describe it to me?" He swallowed and looked at Maggie. - It's dark ... very dark. Everybody wants your pain. It hurts ... - he stroked his scar as if they were hurting - They make ... - What are they forcing you? the black-haired woman asked. "I hope he wasn't sexually raped there." - Doing ... things ... ' - What things?' The boy closed his eyes and sighed. Then he opened them and fear appeared in them. - Kill. Kill ... people. '

My daughter Betty and my wife Livia were waiting for me at home. Soon, in a couple of hours, I would go home to Betty and Livia. But now I am standing behind glass, in a room underground. On the other side of the glass sits ten. Ten was one of Dr. Brenner's best projects and the only one in Maine. Oh, how I felt sorry for him. Curls caught his eyes as he sat behind a chair and looked at the photograph. Photo of Dr. Ivanov, Russian scientist working on Project G. The Russians had their own children with abilities, but ours were much better, according to Brenner. Ten was proposed to kill Dr. Ivanov. He was sitting in a chair and now closed his eyes. So it begins. The mind of ten disappeared from this room and appeared in an apartment in Krasnodar. With the help of sensors, we were able to monitor on the TV what was happening on the other side. We saw with tens vision and could hear what happened to him. He was now standing in a small kitchen. Doctor Ivanov was standing nearby, who of course did not see ten, because not the body, but the mind was in Russia. Ten now stood before him. Ivanov had a bushy beard and was eating what looked like balls in dough in broth. He listened to the

radio and looked at it. We all looked together at ten's body in the room, as it raised a hand. Just clench your hand into a fist, and Ivanov's heart would stop. Ten was one of the best weapons we had against the Russians. But only he didn't clench his fist. Standing with open hand, half in the kitchen with the smell of broth. He was trembling all over and I saw tears flowing from his closed eyes. - What does it do? - Asked Brenner – It's not so difficult, just make a fist, and that's it! 'But ten of us did not hear, just stood trembling with an open hand. - McCollum, go and remind what he had to do! We didn't come here to play! - Sir McCollum took the stun gun and entered the room. Turning on the stun gun, he almost stabbed him ten. Ten immediately screamed and I even heard it through the glass. From shock, his hand clenched into a fist and we saw on the TV that Ivanov was lying dead in half in his plate. Then suddenly the TV went off and ten opened his wet eyes. Brenner walked into his room and looked at ten. The boy looked at Brenner with fear ... no ... with hatred and fear. "You disobeyed my request, ten. - P-papa ... '- a small "slap" sounded and ten fell on the floor. Brenner looked at me and said. "You can go home, Dylan." And I went to Betty. Which, fortunately, did not have super powers. After all, Elizabeth Delany is a completely normal girl.

2. Oh, Beth

Richard Michael Tozier. Eddie's living nightmare and dream. You ask: how can you hate and love a person both ways? Well, the friendship between Richie and Eddie was an amazing example of: "I hate you so much and I will always say that you need to fuck off, but when you start to fuck off and go away from me, I will follow saying you need to fuck off". Yes, the amazing "opposites attract" kind of thing. Well no need to say that their first meet gave the two boys completely different impressions.

-Allow me to introduce our new student: Richard Tozier! – A boy in huge glasses and a stupid Hawaiian shirt on top of a "guns n roses" shirt walked in to the class room. The only thing I could say looking at him was...stupid. This whole look was stupid. The glasses, the shorts, the Hawaiian shirt, the T-shirt, the converse boots. It was all so randomly picked and so bright. But on the other hand, he just walked in and smiled. Like school was fun or something. But his smile though, it was a little bit cute. The boy was looking like a 5 year old who was just given a big candy on the funfair. I looked to see other people's reaction and was a little bit disturbed. My crush, Greta Keene was looking at the boy with pure disgust. She looked like she was staring at a really ugly, big, fat moth or something. Ok. That was great. - 'So tell me, Richie, something about yourself.' – said Mister Clarke.

Then something happened that I didn't understand. The boy looked really nervous and then started talking. He had a nice voice. Didn't change the fact that he looked stupid. – 'My name is Richie. Yeah, uhm... I am ten. I- I was homeschooled before this.' – He said. He looked up at the teacher and Clarke nodded his head. – So yeah, I like music...and comic books. My mom likes chess and she always makes me play with her. I mean, chess is good, but I don't really like it.' – He tils his shoulders up. – 'I have a lot of things I like.' – No he really made me believe he was stupid.

-Good, – said the teacher – Now, Richard, you go and sit with Eddie – amazing, he sits with me! The Tozier boy sits next to me and looks up. – 'Well, hallo, Eddie.' – he says – It was Eddie, right?' – He chuckles and grabs his pencils from his bag. – 'So, Eds, how are you?' – Eds? What does that mean? – I'm not Eds, it's Eddie.' – I say. He

just looks at me and then his brows go up – Since today, you are Eds. And that's it.'

-Allow me to introduce our new student: Richard Tozier!' – I walk in and see that the whole class is staring at me. I feel a little bit uncomfortable. Was that the word? I don't remember... I look into the class and start looking at some people. On the right sits a girl with blonde hair and you can clearly see that she is trying to hide that she is chewing gum. Another girl sits next to her. She has long auburn hair and looks like a small puppy to the other girl. They are giggling and whispering. I catch the sight of another boy. He has light, curly hair and really "adult-like" clothes: a perfect ironed shirt with blue stripes. He is probably the only one who isn't looking at me. He is reading a book, I think it's about birds or something. Another boy, who sits next to the "bird-boy" with really pretty blue eyes is looking at me. And then my eyes catch another boy, who is sitting in the middle. He has the most adorable face I ever saw: Bambi like yes and his whole energy radiated coziness and comfort. Something I really liked. The blonde girl was looking at me with pure disgust. Mama said that people will do that, but you need to not pay attention to them. And I quote: "Eres mejor que ellos, no merecen tu atencion" (You are better than them, they don't deserve your attention). Mama always speaks Spanish so that I can speak two languages. But she meant with that that I shouldn't pay attention to the blonde girl. Like it would hurt me. - 'So tell me, Richie, something about yourself.' – said Mister Clarke.

What was I supposed to say about myself? "Hey I am an experiment for the department of energy for the US and I am actually a weapon to fight the Soviet Union." – 'My name is Richie. Yeah, uhm... I am ten. I- I was homeschooled before this.' – I said. Yeah, homeschooled. Right. – So yeah, I like music...and comic books. My mom likes chess and she always makes me play with her. I mean, chess is good, but I don't really like it.' – I tilt my shoulders up. – 'I have a lot of things I like.' –

-Good, – said the teacher – Now, Richard, you go and sit with Eddie – Eddie was that Bambi boy! I sit next to him– 'Well, hello, Eddie.' – I say – It was Eddie, right? So, Eds, how are you?' – He looks a bit annoyed. – I'm not Eds, its Eddie.'

– Since today, you are Eds. And that's it.'

3 years later. 1 month before summer 1989. 1 month before hell.

Elizabeth Delany, daughter of Dylan Navarro and Livia Delany was a happy girl, lived in a happy world and had her parents as her best friends. In elementary school, that was completely normal, but then in middle school everyone started to make fun of her. Of her greyish hair and ugly sweaters. Of her weird crystals she always carried around and necklaces made of seashells. Everything was weird about her. So weird that even the weird kids didn't want to be her friends. But, in October her parents made a decision to move from Belfast to Derry, a much simpler town as they thought. It had a quarry, a small river and a good (no) school. What not to like? That is what her parents said to her, but she figured out the reason behind everything is much more complicate. Every day she heard her dad cry after he came back home, like he was doing something he didn't like and it was all really heave, like he saw people die or something like that. But when she asked her dad about his job, he simply said he was an accountant and that he counted money on some boring accountant place. Always, it was always like that. Like he was hiding something...

But then, her dad quit his job in October and found a new one in Derry. It was a simple job in a shop, didn't require much except a bachelor in economics, which mister Navarro had. Then after a few month they moved here and now her dad was happier than ever. In Belfast he would return home to a big white house with panoramic windows and big rooms. In Derry his home was a small apartment in a random apartment block, nothing much to see. No big rooms, no fireplace, no luxury hot tub, nothing. Just a small apartment with a three rooms: His bedroom with Livia, the living room which was also a kitchen and an eating room and Elizabeth's room. Oh and a bathroom without a bath: just a small shower in the corner who had absolutely zero pressure. But to the big, white house he returned sad, to the apartment he returned as the happiest man ever. It was a really nice change. Elizabeth didn't miss her old room and her own bathroom, she was just fine, same as Livia who was also happier than ever with her husband. It was a change that everyone liked.

Of course, they had no clue what was happening in Derry. Fortunately.